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"RENDER NOT EVIL FOR EVIL."

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

(1 Thess. 5: 15.)

"Is said that evil should be done
By any to another one,
Who should be brothers dear;
Too short is life, too great his woes,
That man, as to his grave he goes,
Should pause to quarrel here.

"Is said, again, when wrong is done
To me by some unhappy one,
If I give wrong for wrong;
Thus make the evil manifold,
Greater, perchance, than might be told,
By eloquence or song.

Thus, all along this darkness world
Have nations against nations hurled
The thunderbolts of war;
Blasting, with hot and fiery breath,
Millions of precious lives in death,
On every sea and shore.

So taught not Jesus; heavenly peace
O'er all this world would never cease,
Had His best voice been heard;
Who, while He was reviled by men,
Never reviled His foes again.

Be such our own example here;
Strike not, although may be severe
The blow that falls to-day;
Decline thus to retaliate,
Or wrong for wrong reciprocate;
Another will repay!

THE MODERN CAMP-MEETING.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

In a sense, all camp-meetings are modern. But as in regard to almost everything else, the camp-meeting has left the influence of the times. The visitor to the great and justly celebrated museum of Harvard College will see side by side, inadvertently thus placed, the implements of the stone, bronze and iron ages, of historic or prehistoric times; but, sad for those who build their theories of the vast antiquity of the human race upon such vestiges of human skill, those articles can all be found in use among contemporary peoples of the present day. It is so with camp-meetings. There are multitudes that are just as primitive as those first held, while others have all the modern improvements, and are so improved (?) that the conversion of a soul or the troubling of a guilty conscience are among the most exceptional of events. Camp-meetings the most widely flourishing in spirit, vim and methods, are contemporaneous, and sometimes not very remote in location. The "assembly," whether Chautauquan or otherwise, though undoubtedly very closely related to the original genus, is most certainly a distinct species of the institution. In these assemblies many persons find entertainment and recreation and abundant literary facilities, all of the purest and best; and manifestly a real want, possibly need, is met; and it may be, one of the most difficult and perplexing of to-day's problems, as to how vacations may be profitably, pleasantly and innocently spent, is in some measure solved.

For all the East, or rather for all New England, there have been two typical camp-meetings — one at Eastham on Cape Cod, and the other at Martha's Vineyard. At Eastham thirty years ago it was maintained that the days of that camp-meeting were numbered; and the outcome has been that Yarmouth has taken the place, but has not as yet rivaled its fame. What times those were in the old days when we left Boston by packet or steamer and passed the Bay and anchored off the sandy shores of Eastham, in close vicinity to Billingsgate, famous for its most delicious oysters! There was no wharf, and no conveniences of any kind for comfortable landing. Passengers must be lowered from the steamer's deck, as best they could be, into boats or sailing craft, and these would run in shore, until ox-carts and other vehicles could reach them; then out of the boats into the carts, and so at length the shore was found. Lots of fun, seldom a mishap, and a hearty, happy set of people in due time found themselves in the grove, which, sad to relate, was cut down nearly a score of years ago.

The unconverted used to go to this meeting in considerable numbers, and as they had to stay when once there, and as there was not the slightest effort made to entertain (there was not even a skating rink, nor was there sea bathing or illuminations), there was nothing left for them to do but to go to meeting, get converted, go home happy, and live and die devoted Methodists.

Eastham has had as much good gospel preaching as any spot on this continent. Fisk, Olin, Hedding, Father Taylor, Kilburn, the Merrills, Bridge, Upham, Kibby, Hascall, Bates, Stevens, Peirce, Collyer, and others, whose names live in the memories and hearts of many now on earth and of more in heaven, have blazed and thundered, have wept and pleaded, on this historic spot with all the eloquence of which mortal lips and eyes and hearts are capable. Thousands are doubtless in heaven to-day who never would have been there if it had not been for the work done at Eastham. True, all was rude and primitive, and much was uncouth, but the mighty grace of God was present in saving power, and every year witnessed the conversion of many souls. Somebody ought to erect some kind of a permanent monument at Eastham. Let it be a boulder of granite, or a shaft of the same material, typical of New England and of New England Methodists. Let it be put on the very spot where the preachers used to stand. Let these two words, "Bethel — Ebenezer," be cut deep in the solid rock, and thus it will serve as a memorial for the past and a testimony of gratitude to God for what He did in the earlier days. The writer is ready to help with his contribution when the time comes. Why not let the Boston Preachers' Meeting appoint a committee on this case and attend to it?

It will occur to some that Hamilton, or Asbury Grove, is the legitimate successor of Eastham. It is a child of Eastham, but not Eastham. No one familiar with Asbury Grove, but knows that the displays of spiritual power at that consecrated place have been multiplied and glorified. Ah! what memories are recalled to the mind of the writer as the thoughts of other days come trooping along, covering the range of more than twenty years! What seasons of happy social intercourse between preachers and people! What prayer-meetings in the tents! What seasons of prayer in the outskirts of the grove, when little companies of preachers or laymen, in close relations of toil and friendship, feeling special need for special help in view of the emergencies of the hour and the prospects of spiritual victories, have struggled in supplication till the blessing came! Doubtless again and again the tide of conflict was changed to wonderful triumph in answer to the prayers of these devoted groups. What sermons have been preached in the tents and at the stand! What altar services in the closing up of the work of preaching the Gospel, when in answer to invitations, scores were constrained to bow in prayer and penitently seek salvation! Thank God! the days of power are not past. They are renewed from year to year; and this year, as in the years gone by, the glory of God has shined upon the camp. Long may the glory remain!

But the second meeting of typical character developed in New England is that of Martha's Vineyard. Thirty years ago it was in its infancy. There was a rude stand for the preachers; there was a circle of large society tents, in which many meetings were held by day and night, and in which the people found their lodging; and sometimes entertainment for strangers was provided. Father Upham, then in his prime, and yet among us in ripe old age, had put up the first cottage, the predecessor of all other cottages which have so multiplied in successive years. Like Asbury Grove, Martha's Vineyard too has witnessed wonderful seasons, and has achieved glorious spiritual results. Best of all, its possibilities for usefulness have not altogether passed. There is no good reason why the grandest successes of the past may not be duplicated at Cottage City. It depends upon the purpose and action of those who have the management in hand. Let faith and devotion combine, and the promises of God will cover all possible needs.

All this leads to the thought that the modern camp-meeting is not a

worldly and powerless spiritual agency. It depends almost entirely upon the management and determination of those who have them in charge. The writer has been during this summer to many camp-meetings from just this side the Mississippi to east of the Connecticut, and not one of them but has been the scene of gracious revival influences, and blessed results have been attained. Within a space of six weeks, nearly six thousand miles were passed over; not less than thirty sermons, lectures or addresses were delivered; and altar services without counting, from one to three hours' continuance, conducted; and in almost every instance souls were converted or helped to a higher and better plane of Christian experience.

And it is worthy of special notice that when Methodists act themselves, they are all very much alike. It makes but little difference whether they are in Wisconsin or Indiana, Pennsylvania or New England, if they are free from the foolish fear of men, and realize their own spiritual rights in the Gospel, the manifestations of emotion and faith and holy joy are nearly invariable. Just a little more independence, perhaps abandonment, would help all camp-meeting workers. Let it be understood that we are using our own methods in the effort to build up Christ's kingdom, and that we are under no necessity to apologize to anybody for our faith, or polity, or experience, and then throw ourselves into the work of God, and it is certain that our modern camp-meetings will witness displays of power which will make all loyal Methodist hearts sincerely and profoundly thankful.

THE WHITE HILLS IN OCTOBER.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Most fascinating are the New Hampshire hills in October, that, breaking up any number of rainbows, scattering them all over the hill-slopes, hiding away under such imperial drapery any suggestions of a power that is surely dying and yielding to Jack Frost. They are certainly worth seeing, the hills in October. If we love to find God in nature, we shall enjoy the spectacle of these painted windows in nature's grand cathedral, looking through which we shall discern the traces of the presence of the Great Creator.

Wherever we enter the mountains, approaching them by whatever gateway we please, we shall be encompassed with a wall of color. The trees stand up on either hand like sentries on guard against any unsympathetic intruders. Visitors, however, at this season of the year cannot surely be insensible to all these æsthetic attractions, and such sight-seers the iron rails now stretching through the mountains like long magnets of wonderful power, are sure to attract from their valley homes.

Take the ride through the Notch, from Upper Bartlett to the Crawford House, and what a grand mountain-portal is there! Let us seat ourselves in an observation-car that, waiting on a side-track, the Boston train has laid an iron hand upon and now rushes forward. We may not have expected so many fellow-passengers on this autumn-ride, but here they are, and though windows may be down and gusts of mountain air may be waiting to charge across the car, these tourists sit resolutely and interestingly watching all the wild, fascinating changes in the scenery. Whatever changes may occur, unless one is looking into the depths of some evergreen shade, there is always a bright color to attract — the birch with its vivid gold, the flaming maple, or the oak with shades less intense, but not less fascinating. Now we look into a valley. Then the sight climbs up, up, from ledge to ledge, from cliff to cliff, till our gaze is arrested by some bold sweep of a mountain ridge. Down at the right rattles a mass of silver foam where a brook leaps along the hill-slopes. At the left, far, far below us, are the black, Stygian depths of a forest pool. This moment we cross a dizzy piece of trestle-work, with a deep, ragged ravine underneath. The next moment we are puffing through a cut in the massive ledges, the train cautiously turning a curve perhaps where a mistake would hurl the cars against a wall of stone, or send it, farther along, thundering fatally

down into a shuddering chasm.

As one rides up the Notch, it may be clear weather all the way — bright, shining, gold-weather, touching up into sharper lustre the autumn colors. But what if a spiteful cloud charge down upon us out of the vapory fortresses on Mt. Washington, bringing a vanguard of mist and a rear-guard also as it sweeps through the valley? Any far-reaching observation will be prevented. There is a compensation, however, about everything, and the principle will have an application in this case. The vapors trailing their skirts so low as to hide the higher sweep of the Notch walls, cannot smother the bright lights in the forests below; and if what is beyond may be concealed, then what is near will be brought into greater prominence. I recall one such experience in an October trip. Mount-ain heights that were grander, had not disclosed themselves to throw into shadow humbler elevations. One of these humbler mountains, Mount Webster, stood out in all the imposing dimensions nature has given it. In reality, it has a grand altitude of four thousand feet, but Mount Washington has a way of turning up its nose at anything that cannot come somewhere near six thousand. There was no Mount Washington on that day to dwarf other mountains by comparison, and Mount Webster towered up, a great, bold, imposing mountain.

The storm withdrew its veil long enough to grant us some appreciative ideas of this massive piece of granite. Peculiar was the effect of the autumn tinting on the hard wood forests draping the mountain's sides. There were broad, shining masses of color, surfaces of vivid yellow, and one might well have thought of a swarm of Chinese mandarins in gay silks essaying a bold mountain climb. The venturesome Celestials have certainly captured some American laundry strongholds, if they have not taken Mount Webster. Several times the intensity of the yellow foliage was such that it seemed as if the sun must be shining on certain hill-slopes. A warm glow seemed to play over the trees. It was only a piece of enchantment executed by the wand of that magician, October.

A FEW MORE NOTES FROM EAST MAINE.

Bar Harbor Methodism, etc.

BY REV. H. H. CLARK, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: One can no more outgrow the old Conference than the old home. At each annual vacation old scenes and associations tug at one's heart like the invisible ropes which the sailor's fancy flings across the sea for wit or sweetheart to pull when winds are baffling or asleep.

And if one be bent on health or pleasure, where can he better seek either than in Eastern Maine? What are Long Branch, Coney Island, Newport, the rugged coast of Maine, where one soon feels as gigantic as the rocks? And what is the air of Catskills or Adirondacks compared with the inland summer of Maine, daily refrigerated from "Paradise Found"? Yes, the mountains, lakes, forests and shore have an indescribable charm, and in the no distant future, when our population shall number three hundred millions, Maine shall be to the land what the coast of Italy was to ancient Rome — its villa site.

By a recent Herald, I see that one other has been brought under the spell of the most charming part of Maine, namely, Mt. Desert; and while not overlooking the physical, has given us a comprehensive and admirably written description of the spiritual environment. I have read with especial interest Rev. W. W. Baldwin's observations and views touching Bar Harbor Methodism, and feel convinced that while he has given the nail a very smart stroke, he has not hit it quite evenly. The bright young ladies and gentlemen of Bar Harbor, and many of the most cultivated and responsible married people of the town, feel in their adherence to Bar Harbor Methodism that it is not wanting in a very promising social and spiritual nucleus. And certainly the financial receipts of the last five years show that the little church has been no object of indifference or disdain. Then at our fashionable resorts there is a large and growing element that hold broad and apostolic views respecting the place of a Christian Church, however humble, in the community; and in Bar Harbor this element is beginning to afford us cordial and substantial aid. We do not need a church at Bar Harbor of Ophidian appetite and instincts. The visitors know what the Gospel is, and no chromatic splendors or ravishments of sound, as in the case of charmed creatures, can prepare them for ecclesiastical swallowing.

And why do we need a star preacher at Bar Harbor — the kind of star preacher Mr. Baldwin suggests? The

home product is sufficient for every demand, native or alien. No one Conference has a monopoly of good preaching; and the men of the East Maine Conference are not a few who could fill the church with visitors, and what would be manifold better, so draw in the native element as to dispense with the visitors altogether. A church is a local affair, a kind of hand-net for use in adjacent waters; and when it is employed for the purpose of dipping out social levitations, it will be the worse for the net. A good spiritual fisherman will not attempt to capture such as these at Bar Harbor; he will let them get stranded on his little beach of their own accord. Bar Harbor can get on without a Chrysostom; but she needs a young or middle-aged man, well-bred, of good address, well-stored mind, without ostentatiousness or eccentricity; a man whose tongue is not a sickle, but yet a man who has, as Hawthorne says, "a harvesting eye." Such a man, with the music Mr. Baldwin suggests, and with well-trained ushers (which I suggest with emphasis), preaching short, cultivated, Christian sermons — such a man, I say, will make the Methodist Church the most popular among the native masses of Bar Harbor, and will secure its full moiety of visitors as attendants on its services. Its present pastor is worthy of every praise, and is doing more to give Methodism place and rank in Bar Harbor than any wandering star could do.

How praiseworthy in the Bishops to infuse young blood into the presiding eldership! Bucksport district is showing the wisdom of this. Improvement is everywhere visible; churches, ministers, and people have responded to the touch of a new and strong hand. Under the stimulus of a cultivated and enthusiastic mind, the young ministers are reading, and thinking, and writing, too. Their sermons show a thoughtfulness and finish which are most gratifying. The young men write their sermons. This ought to be as much a truism as to say a painter paints his pictures, but unfortunately it is not. Inevitable is the influence for good of a scholarly, manly presiding elder upon the young men of his district. If in this alone were comprised the usefulness of the office, here it would be worth its weight in gold. One word this presiding elder has for all the ministers and all the churches. It is: "Look after the poor boys." Years ago another presiding elder, Rev. E. W. Helmershausen, uttered the same sentiment, if not the exact phrase, and one poor boy, at least, took heart. Long has his voice been hushed, but every now and then the beautiful thoughts it so often expressed come flitting out of the past to tell what the mind and heart must have been that originated them; and many a bit of poetic prose might be found in past volumes of Zion's Herald, showing how intrinsically rich was the nature of this man. Can we ever thank God enough for such helpful, inspiring men, and for the great church to which so many of us owe the best things which have come into our hearts and lives?

And now, many years after, another of East Maine's eloquent voices is forever still. Rev. W. W. Marsh, so well and so pleasantly known, not only in his own Conference, but elsewhere, has been called to higher, if not to better, service. Well did he do his work in study and in pulpit. We recall his enthusiasm for books, his ready use of the stores with which his wide reading had furnished his receptive mind, his freshness and versatility in lecture and in sermon, and not least of all, his charming friendliness and helpful spirit. Who can estimate the value of such men to community, Conference and State, preaching a gospel of education as well as of salvation, elevating, refining, stimulating by the silent yet potent forces of a manly and Christian character? As the calendar lengthens, we should often rest from our duties and devotions to the living friends, to pay the tribute of an "all saints day" to those who have gone before.

In a late Herald Rev. Mark Trafton has kindly echoed the "Cry from Calais." At Milltown, to which he so pleasantly refers, the pastor, Rev. G. G. Winslow, is hard at work to make the old church worthy of the town, and the town worthy of the church. He has received very substantial assistance from his musical family. They have contributed the most helpful impulse to the enterprise — that of genuine talent. G. G. Winslow, Jr., conceived the idea of training the young people of the community for the public performance of a cantata in aid of the church, entitled the "Haymakers." This was given two evenings in the old church at Milltown, and one evening in the St. Croix Hall, Calais. The musical people of the city were delighted, as were all others, and expressed great surprise at the development of so much talent. But Mr. Winslow's work is no easy task, and he needs all the sympathy and aid possible from abroad. The wheel is in a strong hand, but others must man the ropes.

Washington, D. C.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY, D. D.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

England has millions of mature dwellers within her limits who have neither feasted their eyes on the wealth of changeable beauty contained in the

Lake District, nor dreamed how charming that loveliness may be. Years ago holiday vagrancy led us to climb the "vast steep of the mighty Helvellyn;" to endanger life and limb in the solitudes of treacherous fells, where enveloping clouds shut out the vision of precipitous perils; to scramble on the screes where sliding debris hurried incautious feet to cool depths of bottomless lakes; and to dream in frail skiffs on the lakes themselves, where laughing waters reflected passing clouds or scurrying wild fowl. How like are lake and shadows to human life!

"In bright uncertainty they lie
Like future joys to fancy's eye."
The summer of the year of grace 1886 saw us there again, and that by a different route — Grange, Ulverston, Morecambe, and other spots of tourist fame on the western coast, have each peculiar claims; but neither one nor all unite in the charm of perspective, of landscape, of kaleidoscopic variety, with the hills and vales of Westernmoreland and Cumberland. The dual owner of enormous possessions seems to be quite willing to share the temporary enjoyment of them with the public — for a consideration. The Cavendish family, represented in the House of Lords by the Duke of Devonshire, and in the House of Commons by the titular Marquis of Hartington, is, and will probably continue to be, one of the richest in Great Britain and of the world. At Barrow in Furness, where disciplined art struggles with unkindly nature in the effort to construct a prosperous seaport, his Grace of Devonshire is not only the principal owner of magnificent docks sufficiently large to accommodate the commerce of an empire, but he is also the chief proprietor of the "City of Rome," which is held by many to be the finest steamer afloat. He is the largest shareholder in the Barrow Ship Building Company. Corporations working rich mines of hematite pay royalties on the value of what they extract. Iron works and collieries pour their contributions into his exchequer; dividends on railway shares enrich his contents; and charges on conveyances and conveniences in the dreamland of poet and artist add to his enormous accumulations. Investment of surplus is a work of anxious difficulty. Luxurious Chatsworth, embodying Arabian Nights fancies, cannot absorb that surplus, even when aided by the expensive demands of city palaces and of other country establishments. The United States receives portions thereof, but under conditions expected to yield high percentages of return. If birth, wealth, station, power, honor, command of means of pleasure, can perfect human felicity, then the head of the Cavendishes ought to be one of the happiest men on earth. He may be, for aught we know to the contrary. One thing we know — he must die. If such a thought would "quite unparadise the realms of light," it must cast its shadows over the bliss of one whose sources of felicity are purely human. Lord Hartington is a statesman, a patriot, a trusted leader; but if not a Christian, he must inevitably conclude that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Bright as this summer's day, and glad as the laughing waters of the Windermere over which we glide; varied as the brilliantly-hued hills, and cultured as the gardens that throw back the caresses of the sun, may be the summer tide of the possessor's career; but the winter will come. Ray Castle, in its ruinous gloom, foreshadows the future of any and every soul whose portion the Lord is not.

GRASMEERE SPORTS.

Such thoughts were no strangers to Wordsworth, whose Christian poetic philosophy has helped so powerfully to popularize the Lake District. Do they enter the minds, and if they do, are they entertained by the crowds who throng the highways leading to the Grasmeere sports? Four-horse drags, tooled by lordly proprietors, carriages and carts that are driven by men of lowlier pretensions, multitudes afoot in pursuit of pleasure, are on the way thither. Their talk is of hounds and harriers, of leaping and running, of wrestling and betting. Panem et Circenses was the demand of the Roman proletariat. Circenses, without the panem, content contemporary Britons, or some of them. All supremely need Christ, but few are aware of the real need of the soul. The dawning conception of the fact has aided to abolish the medieval tournament, the bull, bear, and badger baiting of the eighteenth century; and as the conception becomes clearer, will abolish every amusement that unsprits and degrades the participant. Highest physical culture may be attained in consistency with purest moral development. Neither Dukes of Devonshire, nor Grasmeere sports; neither preposterous accretions of wealth around individuals, nor the moral and political dangers attendant upon them, are among the things desired by, or likely to be at all beneficial to, the great republic.

SOCIAL CHANGES.

The relative power of landlords in the United Kingdom is constantly declining. Agricultural estates are frequently in the market, and do not bring more than fifty per cent. of what would readily have been paid a quarter of a century ago. Ruhn stares the profligate and unthrifty in the face. The people are in no humor to tolerate class legislation, and see no reason why the hereditary aristocracy should be ex-

empted from the operation of those social changes which have brought ruin to many in the manufacturing and trading ranks. Landlords whose principal revenue has been drawn from Irish sources, are practically bankrupt. When the condition of things will be better in Ireland, is problematical. A young American gentleman of Irish parental antecedents, who has just returned from Killarney, thus describes the work of the National League in that locality: "A number of farmers get together and decide that the rents are too high, and because too high, they will not pay any rent. If one of their number does pay, they shoot him. If one is dissipated, they kill the men who evict him. If any one consents to be caretaker of property from which a defaulter has been evicted, they kill him also. If they don't want to kill him, they torture him by shooting him through the legs or feet." Practical reasoning of this kind is not conducive to fruitful rent-rolls, and the result is straitness and distress in many hitherto wealthy families. But, apart from any agrarian outrages committed by murderous moonlighters, is the fact that the low prices of agricultural produce disable men from paying high rents. However enterprising or conscientious, they rightfully ask for lower rates, and receive them at the cost of the landlord's income.

The harvest in the United Kingdom is late, the crops not equal to the average, the yield inferior, and the quality of the grain impaired by unpropitious weather. Agricultural and commercial distress invariably gives additional impetus to political agitation. When men are prosperous and contented, the existing statutes are good enough in popular estimation; when they are impoverished and needy, relief is sought through legislative action. This is particularly true of Ireland. The Roman Catholic peasantry ask to have everything done for them, and look upon government as a machine that ought to supply their every temporal need. Failing to do this, they sullenly rebel against it, but without an idea of reconstructing in such form as shall satisfy their aspirations.

The spirit of Christ must and will reorganize society. The Socialists of New York, or some of them, recognize and avow this. Their utterances are like the lunar rainbow on the breast of a dense and dangerous sea-fog, giving assurance that the stars will again glitter overhead, and the queen of night walk the circuit of the heavens in her brightness. The mind and heart of the Lord Jesus Christ must be the possession of a saved majority before the sublime ethics of the Sermon on the Mount are thoroughly applied to the social and political relations of men. No wonder that Paul, with his marvelous insight into the needs of humanity, gloried so enthusiastically in the Gospel of Christ. Then as now, and now as then, it, and it only, is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to Jew and Gentile, individually and collectively.

Our Exchanges.

BY EDITOR.

One Side of It. — A word of praise never hurts a manly man or womanly woman. — Michigan Christian Advocate.

The Other Side. — If your pastor ever says or does a really good thing, don't tell him so. It might spoil him. — Ibid.

Ready for the Funeral. — Cheering reports of the decadence of the organ interlude reach us from the East. It seems to be dying, slowly but surely, in England, and to be actually dead in some sections of this country. When it does die, it should be buried so deep as to make its resurrection impossible. — Interior.

Pass the Fiend and Brute Around. — A saloonist in New York, to attract customers, has put his three daughters behind the bar, and congratulates himself that this stroke of policy has been a marked success. The murderous drink devil now seeks to trade upon a child's shame. What next? — Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Why? And Why Not? — There has been doubtless a good deal of twaddle talked on both sides of the questions that arise concerning religious education in our public schools. President Secley, of Amherst College, goes very near the root of the matter when he asks, in the July Forum, why we should teach the life of Julius Caesar in our schools, and not that of Jesus Christ? And, indeed, why should we? — Christian Advocate.

Here is Wisdom. — To lower the standard of piety to our practice, will debauch religion and ruin us. To keep the standard elevated and pure, as the rebuke to our failures, the stimulant to our efforts — this is our only safety. — St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Universal Experience. — "I have found that our church papers cannot be circulated by the resolutions of the preachers; it requires 'The Acts of the Apostles.' The paper has been voted again and again into all the Methodist families of the Conference, but it takes work to put it there." — Holston Methodist.

Experience the Best and Safest Evidence. — It is not given to every one to appreciate the revelations of science equally with those of religion; but the very humblest soul may and ought to have the courage, which will guard his faith from degeneration into bigotry or intolerance. — Christian World. B.T.

Not a Craze, but Redemption. — The temperance work makes steady progress. It is not a craze furious to-day and dumb to-morrow, but as a cause, a slow but permanent growth. — United Presbyterian.

BY REV. W. H. PEARNE, D. D.

Now, we conceive, the growing habit of neglecting the house of God with its privileges of religious worship and instruction, has a strong tendency toward its practical abolishment. We must be busy on that day as well as others, must be engaged in something or other, and they will be. If there is no religious or sanctuary obligation binding them, and leading them to the house of God and worship, they will go and do just what inclination leads them to. The pressure of business will be an excuse for labor. The consideration of social or other interests will be pleaded in defence of social visiting. They come before us with all the force of a motive, justifiable, if not necessary. Of course we will do what is most congenial with our feelings. Hence we have common work performed in the fields, the shop, or the house. Not universally, thank God! but to too great an extent.

not increasing at the same rate; in fact, are scarcely increasing at all. Most of them congratulate themselves if they hold their own against the tide perpetually flowing to the suburbs. There is no more serious problem before the church to-day than this of city evangelization. It concerns the State, as well. Cincinnati's burning court-house, Chicago's Haymarket Square, the notorious corruption in the government of our great cities in general—all indicate that they are fast becoming centres of danger to our Republic. They are but mere villages now to what a few decades will make them. What shall we do with them by the nontide of the twentieth century? "How shall we reach the masses?" is a living question to-day.

How? Yonder is a crowd of men in rubber boots and corduroy trousers discussing how to catch trout. There is no objection to their doing so, but they

to repair the damage done to our church property. We see that it is not contemplated that the funds in the hands of this General Relief Committee will be applied to the rebuilding of our churches. We notice that each denomination is making special efforts to repair their own losses, and are sending out special agents for this purpose. We see that Rev. John O. Wilson, of the M. E. Church, South, has gone North for the purpose of collecting funds to rebuild and repair the churches of that denomination in the city. While our brethren of the M. E. Church in the North may be giving him a cordial reception, we trust they will not forget nor overlook the wants of our own church in this critical state of affairs in Charleston. Our work in Charleston is in keeping with what has ever seemed the peculiar mission of Methodism in gathering in the poor and neglected of the community, and generously furnishing them with the means of grace. Our work in Charleston

During my stay, a revival was in progress, services being held each evening before study hour. On the second evening of my visit, at the services in the chapel, one of the professors asked all the boys who were on the Lord's side to come out and face the audience. Of 120 young men and boys, 110 stood on the Lord's side. My heart was deeply touched to see so many, just coming into manhood, joyfully avowing in public that they had chosen the "good part." The young men are the future hope of our church and nation.

After chapel meeting the young ladies held a parlor meeting. Dr. Hanlon and one of the professors were present. Several young girls with straining eyes and eloquent words told of happy conversion and heart consecration to God and His work.

All the appointments of the building are very complete. Two students occupy one room for sleeping, and have a study room adjoining. From each room there is a fine view of the beautiful sur-

thoughts to their prospective life-work. It is also timely because the public mind is more than ever agitated by the questions of labor and capital and the conditions and possibilities of life. This book by its title, "Paths to Wealth," suggests in part its scope and purpose. Its author is Rev. John D. Knox, of Kansas. He was formerly a traveling preacher, but failing in health, turned his unrestrained activities to business pursuits, that he might still do some good in the world. It does not need to be added that he has been successful, and is at the head of a well-

hospitals, etc., are full of excellent discourses, which will meet with warm sympathy from all Christian readers. On the question of one church and its relation to Holy Scriptures, and to those not embraced within its fold; upon the doctrines of penance, transubstantiation, the position and worship of Mary, it is interesting to know just what Catholic bodies are taught at the present hour, but here our appeal is to the Bible as we interpret it, and here, of course, we divide, world wide, in our opinions.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish two pretty volumes, in the "Gillettes" series of books, by the popular author of the "Win and Wear Series," bearing the title of *BERT, THE ENTERPRISING BOY*, and *JACK, WHO PERSISTED*. The two titles very happily express the nature of the two very wholesome and interesting volumes, but they do not convey an idea of the happily told stories which so fluently illustrate these early virtues. The books must be read to understand this.

hearty agree. The chapters upon the necessity of religion, the relation of reason to revelation, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the genuineness of the Gospels, etc., are full of excellent thoughts, which will meet with warm approval from all intelligent readers. On the question of one church and its relation to Holy Scriptures, and to those not embraced within its fold; upon the doctrines of penance, transubstantiation, the position and worship of Mary, it is interesting to know just what Catholic bodies are taught at the present time, but our countrymen of the Bible as we interpret it, and here, as of course, we divide, world wide, in our opinions.

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[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, 1886.

A man who is conscious of a fixed intention to do all his duty, is not easily convinced that he deserves to be blamed when, owing to a mistaken judgment, he stumbles into a fault. He receives the arrows of censure on the shield of his conscientious integrity. Hence the best of men need to say with David: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

David sung in sublime words the omnipotence of God. Yet David prayed: "Be not far from me, O God!" Hence it was not nearer proximity to the Divine Essence that he desired, seeing that God is at all times equally near to all His creatures. What David asked for, therefore, was a clearer manifestation of God to his soul. To be conscious of God within himself—this was his want and privilege, as it is also the need and privilege of the reader.

Sin, when seeking its victim, wears a mask of beauty which dazzles the imagination and charms the passions. But when it has conquered the sinner, its mask drops off and it stands revealed to the conscience in all its shocking deformity. The guilty one is then appalled at his own act, and often exclaims,—

"Yes! I've done a deed
Will blot my honor with eternal stain."

Therefore, the way to resist temptation is to hold the sin before the conscience in its true character, and to say, as Joseph did, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

In presence of the dying agony of the Son of God, the sun veiled its face, the earth trembled, and Hades gave up some of its dead. Yet a heart wedded to sin can think of that dying love and be unmoved as a stone. It can behold that dread sacrifice of Infinite love without shedding a tear. Well, therefore, may Whittier exclaim,—

"Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude?"

What sayest thou, O godless man? Wilt thou refuse a tear of gratitude to Him who sweat drops of blood for thee?

To be stricken with mortal disease and compelled to leave the objects of one's affections on earth with no hope of happiness in the hereafter—this is torture. "I must leave all these things which cost me so much pains to acquire!" was the despairing cry of Cardinal Mazarin, as he gazed with dying eyes on his accumulated treasures. To part with what one loves, without hope of meeting with things and beings yet more strongly beloved on the shore beyond the mystic river we call death, is to feel indescribable pangs. But, as Bernard Barton sings,—

"Even the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable woe
To souls that heavenly soar;
For humble Faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet—to part no more."

This is a great harvest-time for souls. The camp-meetings have been held, and they were generally seasons of great spiritual interest and power. Multitudes who attended them received great spiritual quickening, and many were converted and are now happy converts. Most of the churches have been benefited by these meetings. The people have returned from vacation, and what an opportune season for a revival! Strike at once! Souls are perishing; hundreds connected with every congregation should be reached and saved. Oh, for a general move by all the churches for a work of God in saving souls! Let the pastors and official members lead in the movement, and most of the members will, soon or later, join in, and there will be a general move for sheaves in the spiritual harvest. Oh, for a revival! Let this be the watchword all along the lines of Christian labor! May it be an autumn and winter of great revival power, such as New England has rarely, if ever, known.

He who is the slave of a quick and violent temper torments both himself and his associates. It sometimes happens, however, that he becomes an instrument of discipline to others, who, dreading contention, train themselves into habits of self-control. As one moves with careful steps along a path known to be the habitat of a rattlesnake, so the friends of the passionate man speak with careful self-restraint in his presence, through fear of being stung by his venomous words. Such discipline may benefit them despite its painfulness; yet who that is a snake in the path of his friends can either resist himself or be at peace with God? Scripture says, "The servant of the Lord must be gentle;" and gentleness is a fruit of the Holy Spirit which even a man who has inherited a violent temper may pluck if he will. Therefore a passionate man has "no excuse for his sin." He may conquer it if he will.

Among "the things which are not seen" is the love which Christ has for His disciples; yet their faith makes its existence a certainty to them. But even faith with all its "realizing light" is unable to measure the depth and intensity of His wondrous love. Jesus put its measuring line into their hands when He said, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you." But what finite mind can use this infinite measure? The love of the Father to the Son surpasses the utmost conceptions of the human mind. It is infinite, and therefore immeasurable. Hence the love of Christ for His disciples being equal to His Father's love for Him, is also immeasurable. Faith realizes His love as an unquestionable, marvelous fact, but the measure of it is, and must always remain, an inscrutable mystery. "I passeth knowledge." Yet knowing the precious, the stupendous fact that it is so, the feeblest Christian can exclaim,—

"O blessed Light that shows in Mercy's eye!
While faith doth live, that love can never die."

A LOST VIRTUE.

In almost all the late cases of fraud and betrayal of trust, the original cause has been the yielding to the temptation to enter upon a style of living beyond the income. An elegant house must be secured, with handsome grounds. The furnishing, and the often refurnishing of such a house, entail a great expense. To live on the same scale as the well-to-do neighbors near them, there must be two or three house servants, and a man for out-of-door work. Then the house must be closed for three months in the summer, and a cottage be hired at the seaside or expensive boarding secured at a fashionable hotel among the mountains. All this swells the annual expense, and requires a very large salary or income from business. We well recollect the look of surprise with which a hard-working, economical gentleman heard a neighbor, doing a moderate business, who had failed several times, say: "I cannot live on less than five thousand dollars a year, and I do not see how any man can be comfortable on less." Our friend had never had over a thousand a year, and had not enjoyed that sum but a short time, but he had lived happily, and even generously, and had neither failed nor gone into debt.

This is the trouble: Young men suppose they must assume a style of life requiring this large income, or they will not be considered respectable, nor be received into (what is called) good society. We have in our eye an intelligent and amiable young man, who has been engaged for years to a very lovely and accomplished lady, every way suitable to be his wife, but his clerical salary will not permit him to live in the style he considers respectable; and for this reason he postpones his marriage. The fathers, who now live in elegant houses with every modern comfort and with ample means to support it, began upon much smaller incomes. Many of the most elegant ladies of the day, at first, when their husbands were laying the foundations of their fortunes, cheerfully bore the burden of their own work, entirely independent of hired service. Both husband and wife will now say, those early days of enforced economy, in a small house, with humble appointments, were the happiest of their lifetime. We heard the late Mr. Bussey, who gave his valuable property in Jamaica Plain to Harvard College, say, at his own table, that when he and his wife were married, they were each worth twenty-five cents in money, and pooled their capital to supply a street-stand with fruit. Mr. Bussey said, with great emotion, that those days of comparative poverty, with health and mutual love, were the happiest that he remembered in his life.

Our young men wish to begin at the point their seniors have reached after a half-century of economy and persevering toil. They often compare domestic life on this broad scale upon entirely borrowed capital. Instead of seeking to lay aside contentedly a small sum, to provide for a growing business, or to create a fund, ready at hand against the too-expected casualties of human life,

they deliberately start in debt, and thus commence their business career handicapped from the beginning. Starting thus unwisely, the burden of debt never decreases, but grows annually with a frightful rapidity. Under such circumstances, a young man almost helplessly throws himself into the hands of the tempter. Having commenced to live in a style beyond his means, and formed his social circle on such a basis, he is too proud to drop down into a humbler sphere. He fears that such a course may affect his success in life. His wife, as it often occurs, knows nothing truly about his affairs, but supposes he has a sufficient income, from the lavish style of his living at first. Her own expenses are based upon this presumption. If she were worthy of an honest man, she would cheerfully have begun in a far different manner, had he frankly told her the exact condition of his affairs, and would have gloried to have been permitted personally to share with him in his struggles and sacrifices to obtain a confirmed business position. Just before a young merchant on one of our main streets failed, he said to his more careful partner, "I am ashamed to tell my wife that my business will not sustain the style of life we are living. I know she would at once limit her expenses, but I am too proud to make the confession."

There are several courses that this unwise and uneconomical man can pursue. He can run along awhile, and then fail, paying a few cents on a dollar, and a generous, too long-suffering and patient a body of creditors will yield to the inevitable and permit him to start again, with the same result after a little longer period; or he can attempt speculation, with the usual gambler's fate; or he can yield to the temptation, if he has money entrusted to his keeping, to use this sacred deposit, beguiling his soul with the false assurance that he will soon be able to replace it again. Such is the beginning and end of many of the young men of our day. In their haste to secure the advantages of wealth, they have not preserved their innocence. They sneer at the counsels of wisdom in reference to the old-fashioned virtue of economy. They would not see their wives living and working as they once saw their honored mothers. They have no idea of saving small coins. They are not specially generous in their charities. Everything is lavished upon themselves. Their indulgences in cigars, in spreads at Parker's, in rides, in trips over the country, at the theatre, etc., if happy they avoid the temptation of the social glass, in a few years would amount to a small fortune.

We were inquiring, the other day, in reference to a much-respected mechanic who had retired from labor on account of advanced age and physical weakness, whether he would be comfortable without his usual small wages. He probably had never received a thousand dollars in any one year for his work. "Comfortable!" was the reply; "he is estimated to be worth at least sixty thousand dollars." Now he has been a married man, and kept up a pleasant home, has been generous in his charities, has not deprived himself of any necessary comforts, but he has spent nothing unnecessarily or foolishly. He has saved something annually, and carefully invested it. He has never speculated; never had windfalls, or great advances on his properties; but has simply been economical, without being avaricious or unkind to himself and his family.

If our young men can bring themselves to start at a humble station, to forbid for themselves expensive indulgences, never spend quite all they earn, never run in debt, marry the girl that is also willing to commence life under such a régime, they will rise slowly, probably, but surely; they will not have to tax their creditors to pay their debts; they will not be nakedly exposed to the temptation of the devil to meddle with trust funds; they will never know the horror of awaking some day in the possession of a blasted reputation, a ruined name, a despairing family circle, and the cell of a criminal.

REGARDING A THANKFUL DISPOSITION.

It has sometimes been remarked that a tendency to thankfulness is more easily discerned among the lower animals than among men. Perhaps this is too severe an estimate to apply to human nature in general, but it is certainly just in particular instances. Even Christians are not without fault in this respect, and our ingratitude to Heaven is sometimes shamed by the evident thankfulness of our domestic animals to us.

It is interesting to note the evidences of a considerable development of the disposition to thankfulness among some of the less favored races of mankind. Captain Speke found very just ideas of the duty of gratitude among the natives of Uganda, in Equatorial Africa, where, he says: "Ingratitude, or neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred, is punishable." Plato thanks God for three things: first, that God had created him a man, and not a beast; second, that he was born a Greek, and not a barbarian; and third, that he had not the disposition of a fool, but of a philosopher. And the remarkable passage in which Marcus Aurelius, then engaged in a fierce war in a distant land, records his gratitude to the gods, is well known. He returns thanks for a good ancestry; for the preservation of his personal purity amid the temptations of youth; for being led to subdue his pride and to see the excellence of plain and noble living; and for the helpful influences of his relations and instructors. If a thankful disposition is shown by these pagans, sitting in the dim twilight of nature, much more is gratitude to God to be expected from us who dwell beneath the full light of the sun of revelation.

One of the personal traits which tend to thankfulness is a humble opinion of ourselves and a modest estimate of our deserts. We are apt to take God's blessings as our just dues; but this is all a mistake. If we think not too highly of ourselves, but think soberly as we ought to think, we will conclude that we deserve very little in the way of benefits at the hands of God. We will count ourselves guilty sinners and rebels who have forfeited all right to most of the consideration we receive. It is not of debt, but of grace. We may very properly reckon ourselves as deserving almost nothing, and all that we enjoy of temporal or spiritual blessings as so much clear gain. The negro's benediction: "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," although a little lame in its statement, refers to and commends this very essential element of a thankful disposition. Guthrie tells of a poor and humble servant of God who, while seated alone at a table upon which were only a few crusts of bread and a cup of water, was heard exclaiming: "This, and Jesus Christ too! This, and Jesus Christ too!" If we estimate ourselves at our true value, we do indeed feel that we are unworthy servants, and unworthy of almost the least of the divine mercies.

Closely related to this modest opinion of our own deserts, and therefore forming another element which contributes to a thankful disposition, is the habit of looking on the bright side of things. There is the story of an honest Dutch sailor, who, when he broke his leg by a fall from the mast-head, fervently thanked God it was not his neck; and of the pauper child, who, while lying one cold night covered only by a few boards, found occasion to express pity for poor children who had no boards to lie under. If the disposition to thankfulness is in us, the occasions for it can be found anywhere. When Dr. Hammond had the gout, he thanked God it was not the stone; and when he was suffering the tortures of the stone, he rejoiced that he had not the gout at the same time. When one sweeps his finger through a vessel of sand in which iron filings have been stirred, he finds no iron; but when he passes a magnet through, abundance of iron is discovered. If one goes through life with a querulous, complaining disposition, he will find little occasion for gratitude; but if he cultivates a nature framed to thankfulness, causes for rejoicing will reveal themselves on every hand. "Count your mercies," said a humble old saint to a complaining disciple; and the admonition has become classic among Christians, and has furnished a tonic for many a moment of weakness and despondency.

It is pleasing to observe, in this connection, that our American institution of Thanksgiving Day arose out of a suggestion that men ought to look on the bright side. The Pilgrim Fathers were much given to taking sombre views of life, and to humiliations and fastings upon a disproportionate number of occasions. Any season of storm, or flood, or sickness, was sure to be accompanied by a time of meagre diet and continual prayers. Thus existence became gloomy, religion unhealthy, and the young, particularly, were unfavorably affected. Dr. Franklin tells the story. In a time of great despondency, a town-meeting was called, and the usual day of fasting proposed. When a farmer arose and said: "I move that instead of having a day of fasting and humiliation and crying, that we have a day of rejoicing." Then he went on to show the reasons for gladness: "Our colony is getting stronger, our cornfields are enlarging,

our wives are very obedient, our children are very dutiful, the air is very salubrious, the woods are full of game, and the rivers are full of fish; we have got what we came here for—liberty of conscience; I move that we have a day of thanksgiving." The suggestion was adopted, and the results were so blessed that the custom has become general.

The deepest source of thanksgiving is a heart full of love to God. It is certain that thankfulness cannot be produced by a mere sense of duty, or evoked by an outward command. As a certain writer well says: "Gratitude cannot be constrained by law; the slightest compulsion alters its nature. It cannot work in chains; it must be free and unfettered, and out of the constraining principle of pure love bring forth its peaceful fruits from the storehouse of a willing heart." If thanksgivings are few, love is small. It has been beautifully said that "thanksgiving is the tune of the angels;" it is because their hearts are full of love. If love in us grows cold, let us inflame it by thoughts of God's great love to us. Is there anything to be compared with the love of a soul that feels its life has been redeemed from destruction and crowned with loving-kindness? "She loveth much because she hath had much forgiven." Out of hearts made humble by our sense of ill-desert, and made grateful by the thought of the death of God's Son for us, thanksgivings will never cease to flow.

Old Isaac Walton says that God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Perhaps heaven is not so very far away from such a heart.

If any of our ministers have not received lists of the subscribers to the HERALD on their charge, please inform us, and they will be sent at once.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A great and unexpected sorrow fell upon one of our esteemed families last week. On Monday afternoon, Oct. 4, our sister, Mrs. Susan B. Holway, so well known among us in all Christian activities and charities, after leaving a meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society in this city, reached Chelsea to learn that her son, Merrill S., had just died under very distressing circumstances. He had been lately elected treasurer of the city of Chelsea. For many years he had been connected with the internal revenue department of the government in this vicinity, and had won a high reputation for ability and faithfulness, but had become greatly exhausted, physically and mentally, by this long-continued strain upon him. Entering without rest upon his new duties, his nervous system began to give way. He suffered great depression at times, and finally sent in his resignation of his office, but was persuaded to recall it, and try to secure for himself a period of at least partial rest. Suddenly, however, just as he was closing the office on Monday, reason gave way. Retiring to an adjoining room, after the door closed behind him, two pistol shots were heard. His son, who was a clerk, and others, burst in the door; but the dreadful work had been effectually completed. He breathed but a few times, and it was all over. Mr. Holway was about fifty years of age. He was a man of fine character, of strict morals, eminently conscientious of an amiable disposition, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a large family—a widow, two married sons, two daughters, and a young son. His brothers are members of the New England Conference—Chaplain W. O. Holway, U. S. N., and Rev. R. F. Holway, pastor of the church in Newtonville. The afflicted family will have the tenderest sympathy of a large circle of friends. The shocking event emphasizes afresh the importance, as we have several times urged, of immediate attention to our friends when nervous depression assumes a form of despondency and indecision. The first moment is the one to be seized for positive release from care, and the best of treatment by experts in mental diseases. Often, as in this instance, moments of returning cheerfulness and hope beguile us into the belief that the worst is past, and that a gradual recovery is certain, if slow. It is an important lesson for us all to learn, that there is a limit to human endurance, both physical and mental.

It was to be hoped that the nineteenth century had so far advanced that the persecution of the Jews had ceased; but this is not the case in Russia. The Jewish inhabitants of a whole district, numbering many thousands, with the exception of four thousand who had been expelled from Russia, were being driven from their homes. They probably are not, from illiteracy and poverty, very acceptable citizens for other countries to desire their presence. Some of this description were forwarded to this country some years since, but were found to be unwelcome guests by the thrifty members of their own race who were citizens of the United States. Nothing, however, could be more cruel or unjust than this wholesale banishment from their homes and native land. It will be a very proper subject for the consideration and protest of the International Christian Alliance.

We rarely read of a sadder, more startling casualty than that of Rev. Dr. H. M. Joy, who had just been transferred from the Michigan Conference, and was appointed to the College Avenue Church in Greenfield, Indiana. This is the seat of the flourishing DePauw University. Dr. Joy had preached on the previous Sabbath with much acceptance, and the people were greatly interested in their new pastor. On Monday morning, riding with a paragon to the station to see about his furniture, his companion left the carriage for a moment. It was commencing to rain, and Dr. Joy opened his umbrella. This frightened the horse. He started suddenly, overturned the carriage, and threw the Doctor against a telephone pole. He was taken up insensible, and carried to the house where he was stopping. A physician was called, every attention which kindness could suggest was paid to him, but he died soon after, surrounded by his family and new

friends. The death of Dr. Joy is a great loss to the church and to the community. He was a man of fine character, of strict morals, eminently conscientious of an amiable disposition, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a large family—a widow, two married sons, two daughters, and a young son. His brothers are members of the New England Conference—Chaplain W. O. Holway, U. S. N., and Rev. R. F. Holway, pastor of the church in Newtonville. The afflicted family will have the tenderest sympathy of a large circle of friends. The shocking event emphasizes afresh the importance, as we have several times urged, of immediate attention to our friends when nervous depression assumes a form of despondency and indecision. The first moment is the one to be seized for positive release from care, and the best of treatment by experts in mental diseases. Often, as in this instance, moments of returning cheerfulness and hope beguile us into the belief that the worst is past, and that a gradual recovery is certain, if slow. It is an important lesson for us all to learn, that there is a limit to human endurance, both physical and mental.

We proffer our congratulations and best wishes to our long-time friend, Charles L. Lane, esq., cashier of Atlas Bank, Boston, in the renewed establishment of his domestic circle. Mr. Lane was married Oct. 5, in Rochester, N. Y., by Rev. C. E. Robinson, D. D., to Mrs. H. J. Frost, of that city.

Rev. A. C. Peck, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Colorado Springs, late of the Theological School of Boston University, who, with his wife and daughter, has been visiting in New England for three weeks past, started on their return trip last Thursday. Bro. Peck was looking finely, and was full of faith and courage for his ministry.

It is officially announced that the contributions which have been rapidly, and from all quarters, poured into Charleston, S. C., are now considered adequate for present necessities. Many of our churches have contributed freely to the general fund. Now there is an additional and pathetic call to help repair our own shattered edifices. We trust Dr. Webster's appeal will prove effectual. If all do a little, the required amount will be readily reached.

Mr. A. F. Winslow, son of E. D. Winslow, formerly of Boston, is now at the head of the Oread Institute, Worcester, Mass. Mr. Winslow is a young man of fine character and scholarship, a graduate of Williams College, for some time a teacher in Mr. Allen's Classical School in New Weston. He responds, now, the formerly very popular academy as an advanced school for young ladies. We trust he will have the success his attainments and diligence merit.

The National Prison Association of the United States holds its annual congress this year in Atlanta, Ga. It will open Nov. 6, and continue to the 12th. Leading statesmen from different portions of the country and expert scholars in penology and reformatory discipline will be present and read valuable papers. It will be a fine occasion to visit this enterprising Southern city.

Bishop Mallieau looked in at the office in a fine state of health. His abundant labors evidently agree with him. In the interim of his conferences he spends a few days in this vi-

but true friends, of internal hemorrhage. He was conscious, after the first few moments of the accident, and passed away with a trustful prayer upon his lips. "In an hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held its seventy-seventh annual session in Des Moines, Ia. The meeting opened on Monday, Oct. 4, with the venerable Dr. Mark Hopkins, the president, in the chair. A large representation of members of the society from all parts of the country was present, filling to overflowing the hotel, but finding ample entertainment through the abundant courtesy of the citizens. The present session has been expected with great interest and anxiety, in view of certain very serious theological questions affecting the administration of the officers of the Board, which would necessarily come up for consideration and decision. The report of Dr. Alden, home secretary, in referring to the action of the Prudential Committee, brought the subject fairly before the body. The opening sermon of Dr. Withrow was a sharp and able criticism of the Andover doctrine in relation to the heathen world and its post-mortem opportunity to behold and voluntarily accept or reject Christ before the judgment, and an earnest defense of the course pursued by the Prudential Committee. The whole question was submitted to a committee representing the diverse views of the body. The majority report of the committee sustained the action of the Prudential Committee. A debate lasting the whole day ensued. It was remarkably able and earnest. At times it looked as if the controversy would divide the denomination, but the termination of it seemed less ominous. Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, advised the brethren holding what he called the "softer gospel," to withdraw from the Board and form a new organization to try the experiment of their success with their new views. A suggestion in a letter to Dr. Hopkins from President Dwight of Yale College, in accordance with a motion of Dr. Boardman, of Chicago, that the question of doctrinal orthodoxy in the case of candidates should be left to a council of churches, as in the case of an installation of their ministry, was heartily seconded by Dr. Hopkins, and finally passed as an additional resolution "with great enthusiasm." This, probably, will be the irenic plan. It will not close the discussion in newspapers or periodicals, or in the local churches, neither will it end the trouble; but it will save the committee from being the arbiter of doctrine and determining the orthodoxy of candidates, and will place the question where it now rests in the matter of settling the Congregational ministry.

The papers read by the secretaries, Dr. Clark, Dr. Alden, and Dr. Smith, were very interesting and instructive documents, presenting different aspects of the great mission field, and on the whole, were marked by large hopefulness and significant evidence of rapid and inspiring progress in the sublime work of the world's subjection to Christ. Dr. Clark, the foreign secretary, reported the remarkable fact, that out of four hundred missionaries employed by the Board, only four—and these veterans of an average of forty-six years' service in the field—had died. The following summary gives a condensed statement of the broad field cultivated by this venerable society: Number of missions, 22; number of stations, 85; number of out-stations, 810. Whole number of laborers sent out from this country, 434; whole number of laborers connected with missions, 2,398; whole number of pupils in mission schools, 39,877. Treasurer, Langstaff S. Ward of Boston reported that missions for the past year cost \$620,440.50; agencies, \$9,532.82; publications, \$5,255.69; administration, \$22,855.60. Total expenditures, \$68,285.71; total receipts from all sources for the year, \$659,667.20.

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city. He has enjoyed a very pleasant session of the Genesee Conference. The Boston Advocate pays a warm tribute to the acceptance of his services there. His next conference is the East Tennessee, which opens the 29th of this month.

The annual meeting of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in New York, Wednesday, Nov. 10. All pastors and others who have yet in hand Children's Day collections, are earnestly requested to send them forward at once, that the amounts may be credited within the financial year to close Nov. 1. Address Rev. D. P. Kidder, 509 Broadway, New York.

We place the following important notice among our personals, that it may not be overlooked:—

"The seventeenth annual meeting of the General Executive Committee of the W. M. F. M. C. will be held in Providence, R. I., commencing Oct. 21, at 10 A. M. Business sessions in the morning from 9 to 12; public sessions in the afternoon from 2 to 4 P. M. The meeting will be a devoted session of an hour. Program for evening services: 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00. For reduction of terms, notice in another column."

The representatives of the Knights of Labor at their national meeting now in progress at Richmond, Va., deserve high commendation for the noble stand they have taken upon the caste question. One of their number, Mr. C. C. Bell, a colored man, was refused admittance to the hotel, and all his colleagues left at once their rejected hotel, and took up their abode in the open air. The next day, at the opening meeting, Gov. Lee made a warm address of welcome, and at the close of the day was called forward to the platform to receive their president, Mr. Powderly, to express their discussion and some unpleasant feeling, but of itself, a social and Christian victory.

In the steamer "Scythian," of the Great line, on last Saturday, sailed our vigorous and tremendously earnest Maine preacher and temperance lecturer, Rev. John Collins. He is a delegate to the meeting of the International Alliance, which is about to be held in the city of Manchester; his brother delegate being Rev. Mr. Pierson, of Portland. Bro. Collins is a son of the Green Isle, and does honor to the characteristic fervor and generosity of his children. He is a faithful, fruitful, and untiring laborer for the Master, and his heart broad enough for all the appeals of humanity. He is a pronounced advocate of temperance reform, and will, at the shortest notice on this theme, give off a succession of sparks, as if he were a well-charged pistol battery. We heartily commend him to the kindly courtesies of any of our Welles brethren into whose society he may be taken.

The Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention held its sessions last week in Christian unity. It is a significant illustration of the Christian principle of humility (?) manifested by the comparatively small body of believers, the following resolution, upon a subject first introduced by Mr. Judd and placed in the calendar, was offered, in order to take the matter from its calendar:—

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The Family.

"FAITH OF OUR FATHERS."

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

It was a time of doubt and fear;
Life lay before me dark and drear—
No kindly voice to lead me on;
I trod life's thorny path alone.
Satan and sin had pressed me sore;
I could resist their wiles no more.

In reckless mood I wandered on,
And said: "The weary strife is done!
I cannot struggle hour by hour;
I sink beneath temptation's power.
Laugh, then, ye friends, the strife is done—
Ye have the awful victory won!"

But Christ, in love and tenderness,
Was waiting still to save and bless.
He led my thoughtless footsteps near
Where choirs were chanting sweet and clear:
"Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

Faith of my father! Oh, what tears
Came with the thought of other years!
Amid the rush of worldly cares,
Had I forgot my father's prayers?
Though in rough ways my feet had trod,
Could I forget a father's God?

Faith of my father! Oh, the pow'r
That stirred my heart in that brief hour!
Amid the rush of worldly cares,
Had I forgot my father's prayers?
Though in rough ways my feet had trod,
Could I forget a father's God?

"Faith of our fathers!" God of love,
When hearts grow faint and footsteps rove,
Let this sweet, sacred memory
Keep us forever close to Thee!
"Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

LETTER FROM BISHOP TAYLOR'S MISSION.

[Private note to Mrs. Dr. Steele.]

We received a letter from Dr. Steele and yourself some weeks ago, and I find an opportunity to-day to write a few words in reply. We were rejoiced to hear from you. I often think of you, and the many pleasant and profitable hours we have spent together, in missionary and mothers' meetings. We are widely separated in the Lord's work, but I pray that His perfect will may be done in us both, in America as in Africa.

Since I received your letter, my husband has been very sick. He has had so much business to attend to concerning this African expedition before leaving America and since arriving here, that his head became overworked, and he left Nhangue for a short visit to Malange one hundred miles farther inland. While there, he was taken ill with a violent fever, was delirious five days, and brought very low. As soon as I heard of it, I hastened to him. I made the journey in five and a half days, traveling in *tipoi* (a hammock slung to a bamboo pole, with a canopy overhead to screen from the sun, carried by two black men). It is not an unpleasant way to travel, but has its drawbacks, like most things, and one becomes very weary after a day or two.

I found my husband convalescent, but very weak, and then I remained with him three weeks. Through the dear Lord's mercy, he rapidly improved, and at the end of that time we were able to start for home. He is now in good health, but has not resumed his brain labor to any great extent. Bro. Gordon is here helping him in that department. At present we have a family here of seven adults and fourteen children, but Dr. Smith, wife and four children expect to go on to Malange soon. At present, most of our men are engaged in putting roofs on some of our unfinished rooms, as we are badly crowded now, and need the school-room much. Our house is built of stones and roofed with tiles, but the new part will be roofed with straw, as we cannot get the tiles made, and have not time to make them ourselves at present, though this is one of the industries which we wish to develop in time, for the benefit of the natives.

This station is situated somewhat differently from the other stations in Angola. Nearly all the others are doing something in the way of teaching the natives, but while we have made a beginning in that direction, yet we have so many children of our own on this station to care for and educate, that we have not been able to do much outside work as yet. Our brethren, too, have been sick one after another, and with a farm to cultivate, and a herd of cattle to attend to (for it is the aim of the brethren to become self-supporting as soon as possible), besides building and repairing the mission house, which is absolutely needed, we find our heads and hands busy from morning till night day after day. We have a happy household here. We dwell in love, and the more we have to do, the more we pray for help, and expect the Lord will lead us through in His own good time. We meet together three times a day for prayer and praise, and find that we grow thereby. We have proved by experience that we cannot go fast in this country. The fever is always lurking around ready to grasp the imprudent and hasty ones. We find it necessary to remain in the house for several hours in the middle of the day, and we take part of that time for rest and part for study. We are getting on with the Portuguese language, but not so well with the Ambunda, as we have no reliable books to follow, and must pick it up from the natives. This is a very tedious way, but we hope to have more leisure soon. We feel that we will be doing something if we care for our own children properly; they pick up the language faster than we older ones do. Our beloved Bishop often said it was a great work to train them on the field, and he expected them to turn out "full-fledged missionaries."

On the twelfth of August we have a district conference here, and expect some of our brethren from other stations. Besides necessary business, we expect it to be a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

In September the early rains begin,

and then everybody must help plant, as the rains are short and the drought comes soon; so you see there is plenty to do. We are surrounded by thieves and robbers. We feel that only fear restrains them from taking all we have. They have stolen our sheep and goats, our crops have been dug up, our fences pulled up for firewood, and the most of what the natives left, the strolling hogs and voracious ants have destroyed. Truly, we live in a country where "moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal;" but Jesus loves these straying souls, and we have come to seek them and bring them back to the fold. Pray for us, and write. The Lord bless you all!

Yours in the love of Jesus,

L. FANNIE WITHEY.

P. S. Mr. W. cannot write much at present. His head will not allow it. This letter seems very unsatisfactory to me, but I have not time or strength to do better this time.

I. F. W.

Nhangue-in-Pepe, July 8.

GOD'S APPOINTMENTS.

This thing which thy heart was set, this thing that cannot be,
This weary, disappointing day, that dawns my friend, for thee;
Be comforted; God knoweth best, the God whose name is Love.
Whose tender care is evermore our passing lives above.

He sends thee disappointment? Well, then, take it from His hand.
Shall God's appointment seem less good than what thyself had planned?
'Twas in thy mind to go abroad. He bids thee stay at home?
O! happy home! thrice happy if to it thy guest He come.
'Twas in thy mind thy friend to see. The Lord says, "Nay, not yet."
Be content; the meeting-time thy Lord will not forget.

'Twas in thy mind to work for Him. His will is, "Child, sit still!"
And surely, "thy blessedness to mind the Master will."
Accept thy disappointment, friend, thy gift from God's own hand;
Shall God's appointment seem less good than what thyself had planned?

So, day by day and step by step, sustain thy falling strength.

From strength to strength, indeed, go on through all the journey's length.
God bids thee labor, and the place is thick with thorn and briar;
But He will share the hardest task, until He calls thee higher.
So take each disappointment, friend; 'tis at the Lord's command!

Shall God's appointment seem less good than what thyself had planned?
—MARGARET E. SANISTER, in S. S. Times.

THE AMBITIOUS TREE.

BY PROF. W. HASKELL.

The axe was leaning against a fence, near which two trees, an oak and a fir, grew within whispering distance of each other. The owner had gone to dinner.

"My friends," said the axe to the trees, "have you never wished that you could escape from confinement and move about at will, as you see men and animals doing?"

"They could not say that they had. But have you not felt at times an unseen force that seemed to be tugging at every separate twig, as if it would pull you up by the roots?"

"Oh, yes, many a time," they replied in chorus.

"And you have seen feathers and other objects which were not confined, fly away through the air?"

"Indeed we have."

"And you gazed idly on, never thinking that you, too, might be free. I wonder at that, in trees of your intelligence."

"But we could not pull ourselves up, you know."

"No; but I could soon set you free if you would give me leave. It is my regular business to cut trees loose from their fastenings in the earth."

"And bring them to the ground, and cut them in pieces," said the oak.

"Of course, if they will fall to the ground and lie there, and get nothing to be done but to cut them up and get them out of the way," replied the axe.

"But what could we do but fall?" inquired the fir.

"Fly," replied the axe. "Enterprising trees like you must not think of falling. As soon as you are cut free, if you will move your branches and fly like birds, you will not fall."

"But supposing we fly, what then?"

"What then? Why, you could go round and see all manner of new sights, gain knowledge, and make friends without end; and, in short, make life a continued succession of holidays. Just try it."

"But," replied the oak, "our roots have clung to us bravely and faithfully ever since we saw the light. They have never ceased to draw nourishment for us from the hard soil; and now that we have grown strong by their help, it does not seem quite right to leave them to perish."

"Your sentiments," responded the axe, "do more credit to your heart than to your head. You will never rise in the world if you allow yourself to be tied down to your old roots. They are very good in their day, and it is all very well to remember them gratefully; but their day is over. And besides, could you not come back and visit them, and help them if it should be necessary?"

"But then," rejoined the oak, "our master depends on us. He has often spoken of the pleasure he took in our standing here; and from the disturbed way in which he has fled to us for shelter in times of storm, I have sometimes thought that perhaps he might not be able to manage the world altogether by his liking, and that there might become still more powerful master who had something to do in fixing us here."

"As to your more powerful master," replied the axe, "that is what no one knows anything about. As far as your owner is concerned, do you not think you could enjoy more of his society and be of more service to him if you could move about from place to place where ever you were wanted? Then in times of storm or trouble you could fly to his

assistance instead of compelling him to come to you."

"I think a good deal of that," said the fir thoughtfully.

"Of course you do," said the axe. "You love your master, and want to please him in every possible way. Would it not be delightful to surprise him now? Let me cut you at once, before he returns, and when he comes in sight, fly out to meet him and bid him welcome."

"But," said the oak, "if he wishes us cut, he can cut us himself with little labor. Why be in haste? He will be here directly."

"She is more firmly fixed in the ground than you," whispered the axe to the fir, "and she is going to envy you your good fortune."

"I am not envious," replied the oak, who had overheard. "I know, if she goes, she will often return and tell me all the fine things she has seen; and I shall try to spread my branches wide to cover the little family of wild flowers which have grown up in her shadow, as well as I can. But I shall miss her sadly, and I wish she would not go."

"You dear old oak," impulsively cried the fir, "I have half a mind to say I will never leave you. You may depend on my coming to see you every day of my life. Will it not hurt to cut you?"

"Of course," replied the axe, "a breaking will be some pain at first in breaching away from your old ties. You cannot rise into a higher life without pain. But all you have to do is to bear it bravely, stand upright, and, as soon as you are free, fly away like a bird, and all will be well. But time passes. If you are going to surprise your master, you must make up your mind at once. Say quickly, yes or no."

"Well," said the fir, not without some hesitation, "yes."

The axe began to cut.

"Oh, it hurts!" exclaimed the fir, as the axe entered the soft wood.

"I told you it would hurt," responded the axe; "but you must bear it bravely."

And she did; first the sharp stroke in the bark and outer wood, then the dull, heavy blows, as the steel entered her vitals. Her connection with the earth was almost severed. She began to totter. "Oh, help!" she cried, as a sudden squall struck her; "I'm falling!"

"Falling?" retorted the axe. "How many times have I told you to stand upright? What can I do for you if you will persist in stretching yourself out at full length on the ground? I might as well have let you alone, and spared my labor."

"And I wish you had," said the fir bitterly, beginning to yield to the blast.

"This way," cried the oak. "Fall this way, so that I can catch you in my arms."

But it was too late. The same breeze in which the oak reached out her arms at full length toward the fir, carried the fir so much farther off, and she fell heavily, crashing through the fence and breaking the branches woefully as she struck the hard earth. When the master came, instead of the joyful surprise which the tree had meant to give him, he saw nothing but ruin.

The moral with which this tale originally connected itself in the writer's mind was a caution against certain tendencies of modern advanced thought. General Grant, in the first volume of his Memoirs, added another: "Every one has his superstitions. One of mine is, that in situations of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability, without application or use of influence to change his position."

It will teach you, dear reader, whatever good lesson you choose to draw from it.

IS IT NOT A CAPITAL SCHEME?

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Those to whom I have mentioned a plan for raising missionary money in the Sunday-school, recently introduced with success in my own school, have been so struck with its excellence, that I am led to describe it briefly here, in the hope that it may be widely adopted.

It is built on the well-known principle of finance that if we take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves. Large cards are procured, and ruled so as to give spaces for ten names. Opposite these names are spaces for the months of the year. The child who takes a card agrees to go to each of ten acquaintances and get from them one cent each month for the Missionary Society. That is all. Any one can find ten persons who will do as much as this. No person will refuse a child a cent coming for it for so good a purpose. And nobody will miss it. Yet thousands of dollars can be raised by this system alone in any Conference if it be energetically worked—dollars saved from being wasted, dollars that would not be turned into any other profitable channel; yet gathered up in this way, they will become a stream of blessing for destitute millions.

The Conference year is fast slipping away, but it is not too late to try the experiment and make it tell powerfully on the aggregate reported next spring. If the cards be prepared and issued at once, and filled up simply for the five remaining months of the Conference year, half a dollar will be brought in on each one of them. If each pastor or superintendent would take hold of the matter in earnest—Oh, that there were an organized Missionary Society in every Sunday-school, as there ought to be, with a president who would see to these things!—these cards might easily be 10,000 of these—there given out in the New England Conference alone, and a round \$5,000 added to our last year's collection, sweeping us on over the second million-dollar line without any difficulty. The scholars in the infant classes, of whom there are 7,622 in the

Conference, will take hold of it enthusiastically if they are given the chance, and many of the older ones who are willing to do something for Jesus, will join in.

Let us give the new experiment a thorough trial. For the present, each school will have to prepare its own cards, but if there should be a large demand for them at the beginning of another Conference year, I would see that they were prepared by the thousand and cheaply supplied to all who might wish them.

Waltham, Mass.

OUR MARTYR BROTHER.

[REV. G. S. L.]

Written for the Northwest Iowa Conference Memorial Service, in memory of Rev. George C. Haddock, by REV. JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.

Oh, my listening spirit hath leaped a new cry,
From the altar that stands near the throne!

'Tis the voice of our brother who feared not to die,
On the field where his triumph was won!

'Tis the voice of that saint, who, for garments of gore,
Was given those robes of pure white.

As the angels swept down through the darkness and bore
His soul to their mansions of light!

Make room, O ye martyrs, who hallowed the sod
With your blood, in those ages of yore;
For Haddock was slain for the word of our God,
And the witness he faithfully bore!

Let him "rest" 'neath the altar where
"Till time's little season" is past;
Then the cry of the martyr: "How long? Oh, how long?"

Shall dissolve in an anthem at last!

For the "voice" of a martyr's blood first
Reached the throne,
And vainly his murderer fled!
So the blood of our brother shall cry, and cry,
Till the demon that slew him is dead!

'Twas at man the vile murderers leveled their aim;
But at God their fell missile was hurled;
And the flash of their weapon hath kindled a flame
That, for ages, shall blaze round the world!

And the churches of God shall arise in their might,
One impulse inspiring us all;
And the lines that divide us shall vanish from sight
'Neath the mantle our brother let fall!

And millions beside, to the churches unknown,
Have lifted their hands to the sky,
And have sworn by the Being who sits on the throne,
That the Curse that hath slain him shall die!

Oh! Haddock! we catch up that banner that fell,
All stained with thy rich martyr blood;
And we vow that each drop to a torrent shall swell,
That shall sweep off the Curse with its flood!

*Copyright applied for, but every paper in the world has permission to print it that will append the following:

"This poem is dedicated to the memory of our murdered brother, and to the arrest and conviction of his murderers. His associates in the Conference are trying to raise five thousand dollars for this purpose, additional to the thousands offered by the city, county and State. Every one who reads or hears this poem is requested to send a contribution for this fund to his author, at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, or to any member of his Conference who may select. We name no amount, only let every lover of temperance and law send something. A nickel or a dime can be wrapped in paper and sent by mail. If this murdered friend, other murders will follow. Send it now, friends, now!"

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

MY DEAR SISTERS: I suppose you read with interest and pleasure that beautiful article in a recent HERALD, by "A Minister's Wife." As I finished reading it, how my heart did beat with sympathy for those heroic mothers who go to missionary meetings and sit through the session haunted by terrible nightmares in which Johnnie and Jamie appear with torn pants, while the neighbors stand laughing and sneering, and saying, "She had better have been at home, taking care of the 'little heathen' there."

I began to feel, "Perhaps it is not their duty to go; it might be as well to wait until their 'little heathen' grow up into a state of civilization, and then attend to the heathen abroad." Gradually a suspicion began to dawn upon me that something was wrong, that the tide of my sympathies was setting in the wrong direction, and that I should land on the wrong side of the question—the earth-side instead of the heaven-side. I well knew that "The King's business requires haste. It is always pressing, and may never be put off. Much of it has to do with souls which may be in eternity to-morrow, and with opportunities which are gone forever if not used then and there."

And as I thought of the time when you and I will have to give that "strict account," I wondered if it would do, when the Master says, "Why did you not go to those meetings and do your part to help Me save the world?" to answer, "I wanted to go, but my boys were young and careless, and I was afraid they might tear their pants."

And I thought, or tried to think, how it would sound if the heathen say there, "What right have you in heaven, when you knew the way and did nothing to tell me of it?" to answer them, "I longed to tell you about it, but I was afraid if I became too zealous the neighbors would say I had better look after the heathen at home."

I could but feel that such talk would not do at all.

About that time the thought came to me: You are not a mother; you do not know how mothers feel when their boys get out of repair. What do you know of the anxiety of the mother-heart? I remembered that people often laughed and said that "those people who never smelled gunpowder, fought the bravest and biggest battles and planned the grandest campaigns," and it did occur to me that it was not just the thing for me to be discussing mothers' duties.

Shortly after, I went to the meeting of the New England Board of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and I saw there a dear, consecrated missionary just about to start for India. She is a mother, too, and she leaves her boys for years, instead of a short hour or two, as she goes thousands of miles from them, at the King's command, to do her "Father's business." As she commended her boys to our prayers and sympathies, and spoke so bravely and beautifully of the going and of the work, I thought I knew what she would say to other mothers about upholding the missionary enterprises; and as I looked in her face and thought of what she was about to do, how those excuses that I had been making for the mothers, withered into nothingness!

But what helped best to settle the matter were the words and example of Him—our "Pattern"—who said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The more I think of it, the more I am sure you mothers would better go to the missionary meeting. I think I do just right in saying it, and I have made up my mind that instead of trying to make excuses for the mothers, I will do all I can to get them to set a Christian example before the "little heathen at home;" and you and I know the dear Lord Christ spent all His life doing missionary work.

Very sincerely yours,
WISHTO D. OUGHT.

P. S. No. 1. Why not take Johnnie and Jamie to the meeting?

P. S. No. 2. I do not think the neighbors are bad enough to say those things. I am sure I never should.

P. S. No. 3. My mother says she cannot remember that her boys ever tore their pants while she was at a missionary meeting.

W. D. O.

SOME GOOD THINGS FROM RICHMOND CAMP-GROUND.

REPORTED BY IDA F. SEARLS.

Kingdom of heaven means religion.

Religion makes us better, takes away the fear of death, and gives us joy and peace; we have to give up everything to secure it. It is the goodly pearl.

The Gospel shows its divinity by bringing the lowest up to purity; it appeals to every heart, no matter how low. The essentials of religion are, believing for Jesus, working for Jesus, living for Jesus. The conditions of salvation are easy when the soul is willing; what was once hard, has become a delight. This Gospel is adapted to our sorrows and conflicts.

Christ is our life; He dies our death. The value of the Atonement is not measured by His suffering, but by His righteousness. Pile up your sins as high as you please, the righteousness of Jesus will go above them. Empty of self and filled with Christ.

It is absolutely necessary for us to escape by the way of Jesus. Don't presume on the love of God, and call it faith.

It is more important to know how the church will co-operate with the minister, than to know what kind of a minister she will have from Conference.

We mustn't value our talent, but put it in use. Let your pastor know that you appreciate his labors. You may help your minister by promoting his reputation; you can talk him up or down. Help him by going to church. The Gospel gives the spirit of God. In a regenerated heart it is the spirit of the Master. We should be united. Help in promoting the social meeting. Give your pastor a good salary. Pray for him.

It is a wonderful fact that we are the children of God. As many as are willingly led, are the children of God. Human beings may become the sons of God. Creation never made us the sons of God, nor preservation, nor redemption, but adoption. Adoption is an act of the will and heart. Man created in the likeness of God is not nothing. The Spirit tells us that we are the children of God. We are heirs by inheritance. I wouldn't swap places with Gabriel, for I don't know if he is a child of God, and I am.

The curious, speculative questions God won't answer, but to an earnest, sincere soul He will listen every time. Put your heart under the influence of God. When the crowns and diadems of earth have faded away, then the crowns and diadems that God has will be in their glory. Saving a soul is a greater wonder than creating the world. To save man, God was obliged to send His only-begotten Son to suffer and die for us. Jesus is throwing us the life-saving line.

The children say, "Father does so;" we say, "God does so." Take the "can't," and use the rest. Christ is building a world without sin.

To walk with God is to be in harmony with Him. You can't be loving God and not keeping His commandments. The promises rest upon the commandments.

The commands are a blessing. There is endless benefit in walking with God. Persecuted, but not forsaken—we can have the utmost comfort if we are in the shadow of the Almighty when death comes.

Let Christ into all of our nature, and He will exclude all darkness. There are epochs in the spiritual life. Take the children and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Make room in your heart for Jesus. We get very near the fountain of life through the instrumentality of faith. We need to take Christ for our wisdom.

Our duty to love God is because He is lovable. The heart's affections are greater than any presents the hands can bring. Love is the substance of religion.

God wants us to serve Him in our bodies.

Gather up the fragments by obedience. The baskets are full of this glorious manna.

Jesus has opened the door so no one can shut it. God sends out the lifeboat to save us.

Don't be weary of the work. God has given us a true compass to steer by.

The Modern Old Maid.

Who, asks an exchange, does not rejoice in her? She is round and jolly, laugh as musical as a bobolink's song. She wears nicely-fitted dresses, and has come living ornaments about her plump throat, and captivating knees and bows. She goes to concerts, parties, suppers, and lectures, and doesn't go alone. She carries a diary and has live poets and philosophers in her train. In fact, the modern old maid is as good as the modern young maid; she has sense and conversation as well as dimples and curves, and she has a bank-book and a dividend. And she has like her—and why not?—Selected.

God Keeps His Own.

I do not know whether my future lies through calm or storm; Whether the way is strewn with broken ties Or friendships warm.

This much I know: Whatever the pathway trod, All else unknown, I shall be guided safe, for God Will keep His own.

Clouds may obscure the sky, and dimming rain Wear channels deep; And haggard wait, with all her bitter train, Make angels weep.

And those I love the fondest, 'neath the wet May rest alone; But through it all I shall be led, for God Will keep His own.

—SARAH K. BOLTON, in Independent.

Folk's say he's a pious father, Once made of the Lucy Lee— Lost when Joe was a baby, Way off in some furriest sea. Then mother kept us together, Though nobody was settling wing; An' worked an' slaved an' froze an' starved Uz long ez she could. An' she died an' left us, A couple of year ago.

We've kept right on in Craig Alley A housekeepin'—I an' Joe. I'd just got my kit when she went, so, An' people helped us a bit. So we managed to get on somehow; Joe was allus a brave little chit— An' since he's got inter business, Though we don't get a price an' a' sich, Tain't o'n we girt right hungry, An' we feel pretty tolerable rich.

I used to wait at the corner, Jest over 't' other side, But the notion o' leavin' tendered Sort o' ruffled the youngsters' pride, So now I only watches. To see that he's safe across— Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin', But, bless yer, 'tain't no loss! Look! there he is now, the rascal! Doin' acros' town, the rascal! Ter'prise me—an'—look! I'm goin'— He's down by the horses' feet!"

Suddenly all had happened— The look, the cry, the spring, The shielding Joe as a bird shields Its young with sheltering wing. Then up the full street of the city A pause of the coming rush, And through all the din and the tumult A tumble of scattered brushes, As they lifted him up to the walk, A gathering of curious faces, And snatches of whispered talk; Little Joe all trembling beside him On the flagging, with gentle grace Pushing the tangle of brush and hair Away from the still, white face. At his touch the shut lids lifted, And swift over lip and eye, A gleam as glow as when the morning Flashes the eastern sky; And a hand reached out to his brother, As the words came from his lips: "Joe, I reckon ye mind our mother— A minute back she was here, Smilin' an' callin' me to her! I tell ye, I'm powerful glad Yer such a brave, smart youngster, The leavin' yer ain't so bad; Hold hard to the reins, ye learn us, An' allus keep honest an' true; Good-bye, Joe—but mind, I'll be watchin' Just—over the crossin'

